

The Critic

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Education for Indians.

EDUCATION for Indians should consist of instruction and training adapted to prepare them for the life of laborers. A few Indians will rightly be teachers and preachers, but the mass of them—nearly the whole number indeed—must work with their hands, as farmers and mechanics, and their wives. Most Indians who try to live by their wits are likely to be worthless idlers. The competition of white men will be too intense for many Indians to succeed in the learned professions. They are, as a race, distinctly inferior to white men in intellectual vitality and capability, and their wisest friends will advise them to look forward to the life of toilers, and to make their persistent appeal to the conscience of the nation for the opportunity to make their own living by their own industry.

The boys should be taught as much as they can learn, in four or five years at school, of farming and stock-raising, and of a few trades which are nearly everywhere needed. Carpentry and the other trades connected with building, such as plastering and brick- and stone-laying, are the most important. It will be good for Indians to know how to make shoes, and to repair wagons and agricultural implements, but it is likely that they will buy most of their shoes, furniture, tin-ware, wagons and agricultural machinery, as white people do. Harness-making may be a good trade for Indians to learn, for the sake of the saving in making their own repairs when they come to be farmers, and blacksmithing is important for them for the same reason. Of course young Indian men of energy should do well as carpenters, masons, plasterers, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, cabinetmakers, wagon- and carriage-builders, harness-makers and shoemakers, if they will go away from their own people, and work at these trades among the whites. But if they do that, they will need to go among the white people to learn these trades. They cannot well be fully learned at school.

The girls should be taught as much as they can learn before they are sixteen years old, of housework, cooking, sewing and domestic economy. They ought also to have some plain, practical instruction regarding the care of sick persons, especially children, and the management, diet, ventilation and other conditions necessary for the preservation of health in a family.

The literary or book education of Indians in Government schools should consist of instruction in English reading and writing, and so much of arithmetic and book-keeping as will enable them to compute interest and keep accounts. The natural tendency of all educators is to try to teach too many things. This disposition to add one 'branch' after another to the list of school studies has produced absurd results in the multiplication of studies in Eastern schools for white children, and has seriously impaired the value of the education given to the children of working people. The same tendency begins to appear among some of the people interested in education for Indians. The young men and women who are to be teachers should, of course, study grammar, geography, physiology, rhetoric, algebra and perhaps other

things, but the young men and women who are to be farmers and housekeepers have no time for so many things. They should give their attention to the purely practical matters before mentioned, and to just one thing more—English literature.

Young Indians who have a hunger after things of the soul, a desire for knowledge of the higher life of mankind in the realm of thought and ideas, must have the best help that can be given them, in means that shall at once satisfy and stimulate this divine craving. Nothing can meet this need but literature, the literature of our own English tongue, which is the vital record and product of the growth of the human spirit among English-speaking people through all their past. I am aware that many people say that there is no such desire or hunger among young Indians; that they are incapable of it, and that the very idea of it is absurd. If I had time for the circumlocution I might hint, in elaborate and indirect phrase, that there is room here for difference of opinion. But the truth is that these people have no knowledge whatever of the subject, or of the facts. I can show anybody, who will go with me to see them, hundreds of Indian girls who have far more hunger for the higher satisfactions of thought, and of knowledge for its own sake and sweetness, than I have seen in recent years among people of 'culture' in the East, and the Indian young folk know better what they need.

The time for discussion of the primary question of the value of the Eastern Indian Schools is past. All intelligent men know that they have been indispensable. Their work speaks for itself, and is invaluable. But I know of no reason for establishing additional schools in the East. The new Indian schools should be in the West, some of them on the reservations, perhaps, but most of them in towns adjacent to the reservations. It is better for the health of Indian children and young people to educate them at places not very remote from their homes. Five or six new industrial boarding-schools of large capacity should be provided for in this winter's legislation, and work should begin on the buildings for them early next spring. Such towns as Detroit in Minnesota, and Sioux Falls and East Pierre in Dakota, might be good places for such new schools.

The orders of the Indian Office forbidding any instruction in Indian languages, in any schools on the reservations, constitute the most noticeable achievement in the department of Indian Education during the year. The following order has been sent to Indian agents: 'Your attention is called to the regulation of this office which forbids instruction in schools in any Indian language. This rule applies to all schools on an Indian reservation, whether Government or Mission schools. You are instructed to see that this rule is rigidly enforced in all schools upon the reservation under your charge. No mission school will be allowed upon the reservation which does not comply with the regulation.' It is right to forbid the teaching of Indian languages in Government schools, but the interference with schools supported entirely by religious bodies, schools which receive no aid from the Government, is an act of official impertinence and usurpation to which the missionaries and churches need not submit unless they choose to do so. The prohibition of instruction in the Indian languages in schools not supported in any degree by the Government, is outside of the proper province of the Government, and is not likely to be sustained by the American people, if the missionaries choose to appeal to the country and to Congress. The missionaries have a right to teach Sanscrit, if they want to, so long as they pay their own expenses. Of course it is best to teach English. It will be a good thing for all concerned when 'Sioux' is as dead as the Indian tongue into which the Missionary Eliot translated the Bible, which now no human being can read—except, perhaps, one college professor in New England. The Dakota language has no literature or history, and will have no future. Some enthusiastic people have considerably overrated what they call 'the Dakota mind.'

The Annual Report of the Superintendent of Indian Schools for 1887, recently issued, is remarkable chiefly for its inconclusiveness and uncertainty regarding elementary features of the subject of Indian education. It closes with a series of unanswered questions:—'How shall the schools be conducted so that the best results may be secured? What branches shall be taught in them? What place in the system shall industrial training be given? Is it better to educate these children on the reservations among their own people, or should they be taken from their homes, to be educated in the centres of civilization? Shall compulsory education be enforced? Is the present method of directing the work of the schools the best that can be devised?' The conclusion of the Superintendent is that a Commission should be appointed to find out these things. But why does he not answer his own questions? A competent man in his position should be able by this time to do so. His project is simply an expensive method of postponing for several years important work that can as well be undertaken now as after the proposed commission has reported.

There is nothing in the report to indicate that its author has any special acquaintance with the subject of education in general, or with the facts and requirements of Indian Education in particular. Tables are given which show the annual increase in the average attendance at the Indian Schools, as follows: From 1883 to 1884, the increase was 2,074, the next year 2,027, the next 1,487, and this last year 615. The rate of increase has thus steadily declined since 1883.

An official in the Indian Office said recently that in making appointments in the Indian Service, 'Democrats are invariably selected.' That is the key to the entire administration of the Indian service on the reservations, by the Office at Washington. The effect upon the efficiency of the schools has been precisely what any intelligent man would expect. I have examined the condition of the service on nearly one-third of the reservations of the country within the last eighteen months, and, so far as I have seen, the equipment of the Government schools is generally not so good, in the qualifications and work of the teachers, as it was two or three years ago. There have been a few good appointments, and many very poor ones. Some of the industrial teachers sent out in the employ of the Government to help civilize the red people are themselves less civilized than the average savage Indian. Some of the best teachers in the service two years ago have been removed. I know of no objection to a teacher's being a Democrat, but he should possess some additional qualifications, if he is to be sent out to teach Indians. It is curious to see the business of Indian education almost wholly in the hands of men who, until the last two or three years, never knew much about education or about Indians.

The whole number of Indian children of school age (six to sixteen) is 39,821. Of these 14,448 were in school some portion of the last year; the average daily attendance was 10,245. More than 25,000 Indian children of school age were not in school at all. The number of employés is 810, and the cost of the schools for the year \$1,095,379.26.

J. B. HARRISON.

Reviews

Charles Darwin the Man. *

THE first thing to attract notice in this most important of new biographies is the striking pair of portraits of the subject. That prefixed to the first volume is the seated figure engraved for *The Century*, five years ago; the other is a new portrait, also engraved by G. Kruell (misprinted Kruells, in the Appendix), from an Elliot & Fry photograph. Both are woodcuts of great merit; and we cannot wonder that the family was so well pleased with the first that the ex-

ecution of the second was intrusted to the same American hand and burin. This second picture is absolutely one of the best printed portraits in existence; it represents Darwin at seventy-two, standing in hat and cloak; and in its evident fidelity, simplicity and flawless art, it is a credit to Mr. Kruell and American engraving. Etching is as a rule unsatisfactory in portraiture; photography, though admirable at its best, is uncertain, and the reproductive process slow and costly; lithography is the worst of methods for this purpose; and even the steel-engraved portraits of a Jeens lack the brilliancy and strength of such work as this. Wood-engraving need fear no competition, of any kind, when it can proffer such results.

The biography rewards the interest thus aroused at the start. The editor, Prof. Francis Darwin, has done his task modestly and well. We have a Life of Darwin which in fulness, impartiality, and readability can be put upon the same shelf with the recent charming story of Agassiz's life-work. The man Charles Darwin is shown here as he was. To most, his gentleness, modesty, courtesy, and kindly wit will be portrayed in a sort of new revelation. We had not so understood the personal character of an 'epoch-making' man, hailed by some as a great constructive force, and denounced by others as a materialistic destructive, almost a pest to civilization and a foe to progress. The clergyman Kingsley knew him in England, and the Congregationalist Gray in America; but not the mass of the public. The winsomeness of the personality here brightens the whole story of the scientific work. On the other hand, this remarkably frank autobiography ('Recollections of the Development of my Mind and Character'), biography, and collection of letters leave upon the mind a clear sense of Darwin's self-acknowledged deficiencies. Literature, as the mirror and helper of life, concerned him less and less; the poetry of the universe partly faded away; and of this decline he was himself perfectly aware. Of course he was, and rightly, a man of science and not of literature or poetry; but he missed ever more and more, that vast and highly creative and spiritual view of science perceived by such men as Newton, Gauss, and Peirce. He was not personally as cold and hard and narrow as some of his followers have been; aggressive denial, in him, was never allowed to drive out a reverent agnosticism that refused to deny, but was rather inclined to accept, theism and personal immortality; but he only collected and collated where we might have expected him to philosophize and assert. Darwin would not have been less Darwin, but more, had he caught something of the thought of Emerson. He obeyed the wise command of the Concord seer to the poets, 'Thou shalt not preach;' but sealed and unknown to him was Emerson's point of view—

Into vision where all form
In one only form dissolves;
In a region where the wheel
On which all beings ride
Visibly revolves;
Where the starred, eternal worm
Girds the world with bound and term;
Where unlike things are like;
Where good and ill,
And joy and moan,
Melt into one.

But *non omnia possumus omnes*; to Darwin our debt is great, and it is made fully apparent in these highly interesting volumes, which to some extent take the place, by their fulness of statement and citation of letters to or from the subject, of a course of reading in Darwin's books themselves. The appendices include an account of the funeral, a good bibliography of Darwin's works, a list of existing portraits, and a record of honors and society-memberships. The volumes are excellently printed, contain some few pictures and fac-similes besides the portraits already mentioned, and are unattractively bound, uniform with the American edition of the subject's writings.

* The Life and Letters of Charles Darwin; including an autobiographical chapter. Edited by his son, Francis Darwin. 2 vols. \$4.50. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Two New Novels by Marion Crawford.*

'MARZIO'S CRUCIFIX' (1) is perhaps the most beautiful piece of work that we have yet had from Mr Crawford. It is one of those artistic creations which are so welcome to the jaded reader of 'good stories.' It is a simple story in which one becomes deeply interested, and it is therefore a tribute to the power of true realism; yet with the story is mingled a keen and tender study of the workings of the human heart, which makes the psychological phase of the novel not unpleasantly suggestive of Hawthorne. Add to the interesting story and the intellectual study a splendor of picturesque coloring such as floods this novel of Italy and the Italians, and you have a book quite perfect of its kind. The artistic value of the conception is great: a fierce unbeliever earning his living by making decorations and utensils for the Church he hates,—a man whose whole soul is full of unhealthful and even horrible thoughts of cruelty and murder, bending with the profound love of pure art over the silver figure of the suffering Christ as he chisels it for the Crucifix,—this is certainly a theme worthy of a great novelist or poet. Marzio is a socialist, and an extremely disagreeable man, but he 'takes it out' in being disagreeable and could never be the leader of a cause. His socialism is sincere of its kind, and disinterested. He is not a lazy vagabond, or one of the endless rank and file of Italian republicans, to whom the word 'republic' means nothing but bread without work, and the liberty which consists in howling blasphemies by day and night in the public streets. He has nothing to gain by the revolutions he dreams of, and he might lose much by any upsetting of the existing laws of property.

Mr. Crawford's analysis and photograph of this uncouth nature at war with itself is very able; and there is something touching in the way in which he lets the good triumph over the evil in the man's temperament. This part of his work seems to have been strangely misunderstood by some of his critics. In a recent review it is stated that 'the theory which Crawford exploits is that atheism and anarchy are largely cause and effect. "There is no God, is the watchword of Anarchism, because God is order, and they desire disorder." "This idea," he thinks, must spread, "because there is an enormous number of depraved men in this world who have an interest in the destruction of law." It is not easy to understand why the reviewer ascribes these views to Mr. Crawford himself. They may or may not be Mr. Crawford's own; but the reader has no right to assume that they are from anything in the book. The words quoted by the reviewer are not from any sentiments expressed by the author in the paragraphs set apart for views of his own: they are simply sentiments which Mr. Crawford puts into the mouth of a Cardinal. The same reviewer goes on to say that the novel is 'the story of the sudden conversion of a well-to-do, ranting, cowardly, but withal clever and industrious Roman metal-worker, from atheism and anarchy to humility and repentance.' The critic here implies that Marzio becomes reconciled to church and state. On the contrary, there is no evidence whatever of any sudden conversion on his part; the reader is perfectly sure that in the unwritten chapters which follow what this critic calls 'conversion,' Marzio would rail at society and Popery as magnificently as ever. The so-called 'conversion' is simply a bit of human nature brought into relief in the story, when Marzio, who for years has plotted and longed for his brother's death, becomes suddenly aware that after all he does not wish Paolo to die. The falling of the crucifix is picturesquely made to waken this train of thought in him, but it is, most of all, the sudden tidings that his brother is dying that brings him entirely to his senses. There is not a word to the effect that Marzio became a good churchman; we are only shown that even a cruel man may be glad finally that he has been saved from being cruel.

'Paul Patoff' (2) is in one sense the most elaborate of

Mr. Crawford's efforts: that is, it is the most crowded with variety of incidents, character, and scenery. At the same time it is his least successful effort, and shows that elaboration of this kind may make a much weaker impression than a certain kind of simplicity. Nothing could be simpler than Mr. Crawford's themes hitherto. Half a dozen characters, moving in very small circles, have entertained us for hours; and 'Saricinesca,' the simplest of all in its general outline and the character of its theme, produces none the less the most profound impression of a large canvas, with great breadth of tone and depth of coloring. 'Paul Patoff,' on the other hand, is a mere conglomeration of numerous small though sensational scenes, worked up with a detail which we think most readers will find extremely tiresome. There are 450 pages of it, in rather fine print. The story was not worth telling, the reader says to himself. It is a mixture of Turks, Americans, English people and Russians, with mothers who suspect one son of murdering another, mysterious disappearances, persons pushed over abysses, houses burned to the ground, lovers seriously scorched but of course not killed in rescuing others from the flames, cranks and crazy people, enough to make ten or a dozen ordinary detective tales; while in not one of the characters does the reader become interested enough to care whether he is pushed over a precipice or not.

"The Isles of the Princes."*

THE facetious (shall we say late facetious?) United States Minister to the Sublime Porte certainly does not agree with Mme. de Staël that 'of all pleasures that of travelling is the saddest.' Far from being an 'anatomy of melancholy,' as doubtless Mme. de Staël, when she was exiled from France, felt the composition of her 'De l'Allemagne' to be, 'The Pleasures of Prinkipo' bubble over with good-humor: the pages are in a perpetual grin, the author is in a state of exhilaration perilous indeed (from the point of view of good taste) to one in his exalted position. 'Sam Slick at Constantinople' would be an apt title for this book, which is the most curious jumble of travel, anecdote, quotation, guide-book, and buffoonery that we have ever seen. We sat down to it full of our own reminiscences of Prinkipo and Constantinople, prepared beforehand for a *nox* (not a Cox) *ambrosiana*, but we had not read far before we were alternately shocked and amused, then shocked without being amused, then shocked altogether. From beginning to end the book is a monument of offensive rigmarole, of slang, of vulgar Americanism, of bad grammar and bad English. The pages are peppered with garbled quotations from the French, Italian, etc., and overflow with repetitions, sentimentality, absurd jokes, and pointless quips that show the author was entirely out of place as American Minister at Constantinople. A performance (we cannot call it a 'literary' performance) more undignified for a Plenipotentiary of the United States to perpetrate it has never been our ill fortune to fall in with. What must the accomplished and scholarly diplomats of Europe think of this book—a product of our so-called Foreign Service, characterized on every page by an utter disregard of taste, refinement, and literary culture? That the nine lovely isles in the neighborhood of Stamboul should be handed over to such hands for immortality is one of those vicissitudes which no one can foresee but all must lament. The islands form an exquisite sea-suburb of Constantinople, and constitute, several of them, 'summer isles of Eden' to sweltering Greek and breeched Turk, whither thousands repair during the dog-days. Mr. Cox, among others, hired a villa there, and had he contented himself with that, we should have had no quarrel with him. Bitten, however, with an unmanageable *cacoethes*, he scribbles nearly 400 pages (only too beautifully printed!) of extravagance, and dubs it 'The Pleasures of Prinkipo.' The result is certainly not a 'pleasure' to read.

* 1. Marzio's Crucifix. By Marion Crawford. \$1.50. New York: Macmillan & Co. 2. Paul Patoff. By Marion Crawford. \$1.50. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

* The Isles of the Princes; or, The Pleasures of Prinkipo. By S. S. Cox, late U. S. Minister to the Sublime Porte. \$2. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Recent Verse.*

PROF. RAYMOND'S lyrics (1) are pleasing, but the dramatic poem to which he has given the somewhat commonplace appellation of 'Ideals made Real' is entitled to higher praise. The influence of Tennyson is occasionally revealed, but it nowhere overshadows the writer's own personality. The sentiment of the poem is fine and strong, its thought original and suggestive, while its expression is the very perfection of narrative style for a story of our own times. If Mr. Raymond often produces work as good as this, he may yet become a classic.—Mrs. Caroline Leslie Field (2) writes gracefully and sympathetically, especially when birds and babies are her theme. 'Two Mothers' is perhaps the best of these simple little poems.—Mr. Joaquin Miller's 'Songs of the Mexican Seas' (3) are more than usually turgid. Serious criticism is wasted upon a writer whose style is principally composed of excrescences.—The 'Dialect Ballads' of Mr. Charles F. Adams (4) are not addressed to a critical audience, and their popularity will not be affected by any comment of ours. There is good homely stuff in them, when all is said.—Of the poems of the late Florus B. Plimpton (5) we prefer the less ambitious. There is a fine lusty humor about verses like 'A Poor Man's Thanksgiving' which is very refreshing.

It is remarkable that the idea of presenting the story of Ruth in a nobler literary form should have occurred to none of our great poets but the Rev. Dwight Williams (6). Now that the latter has so admirably performed his task, nothing remains for the rest but regret for a lost opportunity. A good example of the reverend poet's method may be found in his paraphrase of Ruth's appeal to Naomi.

Thy people shall be mine;
I'll worship at thy shrine;
Thy God my God shall be,
Thus will I dwell with thee,
And where thou diest I will die, and rest
Beside Naomi, beautiful and blest.

What an air of elegance and finish is imparted to the rude sincerity of the original by the last three words! Now that the march of improvement has begun, we do not despair of seeing the Venus of Melos perfected by the aid of a little rouge and a becoming *tournure*.

The unhappy reviewer of a season's verse very soon learns to recognize the characteristics of what for want of a better term we may call the hurdy-gurdy school of minstrels. A perfectly hopeless mental condition, an excruciating taste, and a cheerful indifference to syntax, are the qualifications they bring to a task demanding the highest literary art. How they find publishers or even readers is a marvel. To their conception rhyme and rhythm are the sole essentials of poetry; so long as these are observed, you may be as dull, as trite, as silly as you please; cant of the most insincere kind, 'gush' of the frothiest, reasoning of the loosest, are equally acceptable. Facility, they have heard, is a distinctive mark of the born poet, and hence they feel assured of their mission, for who so fluent as they? Indeed, as they have no notion of rhyme except as a conventional tag, and give themselves no trouble on the score of relevancy or poetic fitness, there is nothing to keep them from rhyming on and on forever. They are often provincial, always orthodox; their sentiments are so excessively correct, that one is often conscious of an unholy longing for a little ribaldry by way of variety. To this category we must assign Mr. Bevan

(7) and Mr. Cawein (8), although the latter, to do him justice, has flashes of fancy that give promise of better things. But after all, it is mediocrity which is most distasteful to a reviewer. He cannot praise, and censure is hardly called for; he is bound to express some opinion, but the course of reading he has undergone seems to have paralyzed his intellect. And mediocrity, alas, is always with us. Mr. Butterworth's verses (9) are respectable, but cut-and-dried, and Mr. Fales (10) is a Western Butterworth. The author of 'Civitas' (11) is capable of writing good satire, but is not calculated to shine in moral allegory. 'Who Shall Wear the Crown?' (12) is another allegory moral to the last degree, and insufferably dull. It is intended to establish the truth of revealed religion, but serves chiefly to demonstrate its author's incapacity as a poet.

Conclusion of "The Buchholz Family."*

WITH regret one chronicles the fact that the history of the Buchholz family has been brought to a close. It is so fresh and bright and true, so full of humor with kindness and sincerity behind it, so gentle in its sarcasms, so accurate in its types, so full of genuine love of human life and regard for human character, so entirely without snobbishness or affectation, so thoroughly a picture of real people in real circumstances, that the interest does not flag to the very end of the last volume. 'Frau Wilhelmine' is in no way inferior to its predecessors; indeed, there is a mellowness about it that is quite distinct and characteristic—a softening and broadening of Frau Buchholz's motherliness into grandmotherliness,—and still more obvious testimony to the close relationship between fine humor and delicate sentiment. The translation, too, is better than that of the other parts. Some things we miss in the English version. Doris the maid, for example, becomes, through the loss of her dialect, rather a commonplace person, and there are various expressions that might have been more happily rendered; but considering the difficulty of preserving the original flavor at all in a foreign tongue, the work has been well done; the translation, on the whole, gives us English that is neither stilted nor obscure, but apt and natural. Literature has been enriched by this work of Stinde's; and if he will let the grandchildren—Franz and Fritz and Wilhelmine, and others as yet unnamed—grow up quietly, and write their lives, he will be sure of half a world to read them.

Books about Women.†

SEVERAL recent volumes devoted to biographies of women may be grouped together, as indicating an interest in all that women have accomplished in the past. The rapidly growing desire to extend the intellectual life of women, and to enlarge their sphere of labor, manifests itself in these studies of the achievements of women in other periods. The first volume to be considered is a series of biographies of famous queens (1), which has been prepared especially for the reading of girls. It contains sixteen biographies from Semiramis to Victoria, including such historic women as Cleopatra, Elizabeth, Anne, Maria Theresa, Catherine of Russia and Marie Antoinette. A similar work (2) is devoted to historic girls, and is published with numerous portraits and illustrations, being designed for a holiday book. These brief and pleasing studies are intended to describe the life and education of girls in the several great periods of the world's history. Among the girls here written about are Zenobia, Catarina of Venice, Elizabeth, Christina of Sweden and Pocahontas.

In two volumes Mrs. Richmond has published 65 biographies of noble and famous women (3). The subjects are

* 1. Sketches in Song. By George Lansing Raymond. \$1. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 2. The Unseen King and Other Verses. By Caroline Leslie Field. \$1. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 3. Songs of the Mexican Sea. By Joaquin Miller. \$1. Boston: Roberts Bros. 4. Dialect Ballads. \$1. By Charles F. Adams. New York: Harper & Bros. 5. Poems of Florus B. Plimpton. Cincinnati: Mrs. F. B. Plimpton. 6. The Beautiful City in Song, and Other Poems. By the Rev. Dwight Williams. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 7. Songs of the War for the Union, etc. By Philip Bevan. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co. 8. Blooms of the Berry. By Madison J. Cawein. Louisville: John P. Morton & Co. 9. Songs of History. By Ezekiah Butterworth. \$1. Boston: New England Publishing Co. 10. Songs and Song-Legends. By Edward Lippitt Fales. St. Paul, Minn.: E. L. Fales. 11. Civitas: the Romance of our Nation's Life. By Walter L. Campbell. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12. Who Shall Wear the Crown? By Ernest. Chicago: F. H. Revell.

* Frau Wilhelmine. Concluding Part of The Buchholz Family. By Julius Stinde. Tr. by Harriet F. Powell. \$1.25. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

† 1. The Girl's Book of Famous Queens. By Lydia Hoyt Farmer. \$1.50. New York: T. Y. Crowell & Co. 2. Historic Girls. By E. S. Brooks. \$2. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 3. Woman, First and Last, and What She has Done. By Mrs. E. J. Richmond. \$2. New York: Phillips & Hunt. 4. Memoirs of Wilhelmine, Margravine of Baireuth. Translated and edited by Princess Christian. \$1.75. New York: Harper & Bros. 5. Madame de Staël. By Bella Duffy. (Famous Women Series.) \$1. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

not always chosen with discretion, nor is there any continuous survey of the work and life of women; but the biographies are brief and fairly well written. The women of the Bible open the list in the first volume, and several of the famous women of antiquity are sketched, as well as Lady Jane Grey, Queen Elizabeth, Lady Fanshawe, Lady Hutchinson and other historic women of modern times. The second volume is more especially devoted to the women of the last three centuries who have achieved distinction in philanthropy, literature or religion. The purpose of these volumes, as the author states it in her Preface, is 'to prove from their accumulated testimonies the power of woman for good or evil. From the stern logic of facts I have tried to show that intellect has no sex.'

These books are little more than compilations, albeit they serve their purpose of helping the women of to-day to understand the women of the past. Of a more original and essentially interesting character are the Memoirs (4) of Wilhelmine, the Margravine of Baireuth, the sister of Frederick the Great. This woman had many of the qualities of her brother, was his most intimate and trusted friend and adviser, was closely drawn to him by the hard experiences of childhood, and was keenly mourned by him after her death: his grief for her darkened the remainder of his life. These private Memoirs give a most interesting and generally accurate picture of the times. Wilhelmine was a woman of keen and observant mind, who welcomed the new thought of her time, gave her brother his taste for literature and philosophy, and was an ardent disciple of Voltaire and Rousseau. She was undoubtedly one of the most gifted women of the Eighteenth Century, both in intellectual power and in womanly character. Her Memoirs are among the best and most instructive works of the kind, and have attracted much interest in Germany and England. The work has been translated into English and edited by the Princess Christian, one of the daughters of Victoria.

The sixteenth volume of the Famous Women Series is a biography of Madame de Staël, written by Bella Duffy (5). This volume, which well sustains the reputation of this excellent series of biographies, has for its subject one of the greatest women of intellect and genius the world has yet known. It is written with a wise discrimination and insight, with a clear appreciation of Madame de Staël's remarkable influence on the politics and literature of her time, and of her restless energy and genius. Now and then, as in Mrs. Kennard's biography of Mrs. Siddons, we note a tendency to a tone too apologetic, and even a willingness to make use of detraction. These women need no apologies, and they are not to be judged as if they lived in our own day and accepted our conventional standards of conduct. Nor do we admire the criticisms of Madame de Staël's style as an author. Her books are not quite done justice to in this volume, because her biographer believes that the style now prevalent is the only one that is good and sound. This is not the right attitude for a critic, who ought to be able to see beyond his own time, and to realize that each period has a style fitted to its own wants. With these exceptions we find the volume all that we could desire, and one that will introduce the reader in a simple and pleasant manner to a woman of great intellectual power and brilliancy.

Canning's Correspondence.*

RENEWED attention, in England and America, has been drawn toward the character and work of George Canning, by Mr. F. H. Hill's recent biography of that much discussed statesman (reviewed in THE CRITIC of May 28). It was reserved for Mr. Hill, a busy journalist, to present within two hundred pages a clear and evidently just and acceptable presentation of the man as related to his times. Was Canning a statesman of the first order, or was he a cheap and shifty political trimmer? Mr. Hill answers, in substance,

that Canning was not an impassioned and high-souled patriot, and that neither his moral sense nor his intellect was of a commanding order; but that in mixed times he served his country by his very refusal to unite with the extreme men of his own party or its opponent. Mr. Hill's biography unfortunately preceded the publication of two large, costly, and handsome volumes of hitherto unpublished public and private correspondence of Canning. These letters are edited, with sufficient introductory and explanatory notes, by Edward J. Stapleton; they do not form a complete 'life and letters,' but simply supplement and correct, on the side of fulness and fairness, the two eulogistic works by the editor's namesake—the late Augustus Stapleton's 'Political Life of George Canning,' and 'George Canning and his Times.' Mr. Edward Stapleton's general view of Canning is substantially that of Mr. Hill, though stated with less frankness and rhetorical force: that he was a Conservative by fundamental belief and sympathy, but inclined to somewhat progressive and liberal ideas—an old-fashioned and disreputable Randolph Churchill, a British Martin Van Buren (these comparisons are ours).

No living mortal, in the leisure of the present existence, will be likely to read through these eight hundred octavo pages, which are not made more attractive by any special literary tact on the author's part; the humor is rare in one sense, and utterly unconscious, as where Canning, a clerical correspondent, and the editor gravely discuss one of the utterances of Canning on absolution, Calvinism, etc., in the Church of England. Politics and a state church are mingled in a way somewhat amusing, at times, even to the best-informed American mind. The collection of letters is one which should be added to the larger public libraries, and to private bookshelves able to indulge in the luxury of graver biographical literature. Their manufacture is admirable, but an index is inexcusably absent.

Brockden Brown's "Wieland."*

DAVID MCKAY, of Philadelphia, has issued, in beautiful form, five hundred copies of 'Wieland; or, The Transformation,' by Charles Brockden Brown—the first volume of a set. With its creamy linen paper water-marked with the initials of the author, and its binding of dull gray-green cloth and snowy vellum, it yields full pleasure to eye and hand. The frontispiece is an engraving of the novelist, in the vast rolling coat-collar and complicated cravat of the period, taken from a miniature painted by Wm. Dunlap in 1806. Students of the history of our literature will doubtless eagerly welcome this attractive reprint. The works of Brockden Brown are, says Col. Higginson, 'the beginning of all imaginative prose literature in America, and it is impossible to understand its development without having read them.' 'It would be a very creditable, and perhaps even a distinguished, thing for an American publisher to reproduce them,' writes Prof. Tyler. The present publisher has ranged these critical feathers in his cap, and he well deserves to wear them.

But for the average reader, such a novel as 'Wieland' has now no fascination. It is not likely to be classed, to quote the original advertisement, 'with the ordinary or frivolous sources of amusement.' The healthy uninstructed, who have acquired no taste for the *rococo* in fiction, will prefer the fresh flower, the growth of the stoniest pasture of modern realism or the gaudiest garden of modern romance, to this floral worsted-work of 1798, crude in color and startling in pattern. The term 'startling' naturally rises in application to a story which begins with a mysterious death-stroke, and contains six murders and a suicide, to say nothing of airy tongues that syllable men's names at critical moments, and apparitions with lips 'stretched as in the act of shrieking,' and eyes emitting sparks 'like the coruscations of a meteor.' Yet in truth these accumulated horrors no longer startle;

* Some Official Correspondence of George Canning. Edited, with notes, by Edward J. Stapleton. 2 vols. \$10. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

* Wieland; or, The Transformation. Vol. I. of the Works of Chas. Brockden Brown. \$3. Philadelphia: David McKay.

we never for a moment forget that they are horrors of wax. In the heyday of this kind of thing, poor Mrs. Piozzi shook her head over 'Frankenstein' as 'a wild and hideous tale.' 'Wieland' now strikes us, on the contrary, as something which is far worse—a tame and hideous tale. The name of Brockden Brown has been associated, by as keen a critic as Whipple, with that of Hawthorne. To us it nevertheless seems that these two were in no wise essentially related. 'There is a river in Macedon; and there is also moreover a river at Monmouth; and there is salmons in both.' But the slow, opaque, dead flow of Brown's romance, despite the psychological 'salmons' which both contain, is surely most unlike the clear and living tide of Hawthorne's, with its elusive gleams, and glimpses down to unguessed deeps.

Commodore Matthew Perry.*

DR. WM. ELLIOT GRIFFIS has written a careful, earnest, and enthusiastic biography of that 'typical American naval officer,' Matthew Calbraith Perry. The work was greatly needed. The brightness of Oliver Perry's fame had thrown into the shade the stalwart figure of that elder brother who, Dr. Griffis holds with Admiral Porter, was really the greater of the two. Apart from the impressive character of Commodore Perry, the record of a life so active, covering so large a part of our history, is of interest to all American readers. 'He lived to see the United States grow from four to thirty-two millions of people, and the stars in her flag from fifteen to thirty-one. He sailed in many seas, . . . saw most of the races of the earth, and all flags except that of the stars and bars.' He exercised in many ways a most important influence upon the navy. In 1847 he commanded the squadron in the Gulf of Mexico, and his naval battery, manned by sailors, breached the walls of Vera Cruz. (Everybody remembers his sturdy answer to Gen. Scott on that occasion: 'Where the guns go, the men go with them.') Lastly, it was he who inserted 'the thin end of the wedge' that was to open Japan to the world, by the treaty made at Yokohama in March, 1854. Dr. Griffis originally undertook to write Perry's life, in order that he might 'satisfy an earnest desire of the Japanese to know more of the man who so profoundly influenced their national history.' The biographer's experience of Japan has peculiarly fitted him for the task; and his investigations have been most faithful. An odd awkwardness of expression sometimes mars the work from a literary point of view; but its tone is high and its historic value undeniable. One must regret an occasional puzzling typographical error, and the use of a singularly rude cut of the Commodore as frontispiece.

Minor Notices.

THE 'entirely new plan' on which the Browning, Emerson, Hawthorne, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, Mrs. Whitney and Whittier Calendars (50 cts. each) are made this year by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is as commendable as it is new. Instead of being pasted together in the form of a pad, the selections are printed in pamphlet form, and held in place by three little hooks; so that yesterday's verse is not thrown away as a scrap of paper, but is still part of a whole page; and at the end of the year you have a neat little book bound in paper covers. There is still a little pad, but the 'selections' are not on it, and it is to be torn to pieces only at the rate of a page a week. Anniversaries of noted events, including the births of famous men, are indicated.—THE Columbia Calendar, issued by the Pope Mfg Co., is of the old-fashioned kind so far as having a pad is concerned; but it is fitted into a stand, so as to lie conveniently on the desk or table; and at the foot of each page is a blank space for memoranda, to which you can turn without tearing off the leaves—a very happy innovation. The 'selections' are from the literature of 'cycling.'

THE fourth number of the 'Franklin Square Song Collection,' designed 'for school and home enjoyment,' is arranged for all tastes, and naturally includes some mediocre and even poor material; but it contains also a number of good old songs, and a few

good new ones—new, that is, in comparison with the castaneous antiquity of 'Make Me no Gaudy Chaplet' and 'Where are Now the Hopes I Cherished,' 'The Old Oaken Bucket' and 'Rock Me to Sleep.' Dropping chronological classification, here are 'O wert Thou in the Cauld Blast' and 'Du bist Wie eine Blume,' Thackeray's 'Mahogany Tree' and Kingsley's 'When all the World is Young,' Molloy's 'Kerry Dance' and 'Clang of the Wooden Shoon,' the pretty 'May Margaret' of Marzials, and many more. Of the favorite hymns, we find 'Awake, my Soul,' 'Come, Holy Spirit,' 'Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,' 'Bread of the World,' 'The Church's one Foundation,' and others as beautiful and dear. The cover of the paper edition seems unnecessarily ugly.

WE HAVE never encountered a book of selections from the works of Browning so designed to captivate the scoffer, as the dainty 'Lyrics, Idyls and Romances,' put forth by Houghton, Mifflin & Co. (\$1.) A more winning little gift whereby softly to draw a skeptical friend into the meshes, could not be imagined. Here are few of those later nuts which are so very, very hard to crack, that only those who well know the sweetness of the kernel will venture upon them. We find, among some subtler companions, the vigorous, simple 'Cavalier Tunes,' 'Good News from Ghent,' and 'Hervé Riel'; the dew-pure tenderness of 'The Guardian Angel'; the clear cameo-cutting of 'My Last Duchess'; the perfect beauty of 'A Face,' 'painted upon a background of pale gold'; and many of those tiny lyric-jewels that 'on the stretched forefinger of all Time' are sure to 'sparkle forever.' We note a misprint or two, and mourn the omission of 'My Star' and 'Apparitions'; one could wish that they had been substituted for 'Adam, Lilith and Eve'; and 'House' is perhaps hardly the poem one would choose to meet at the very threshold. But on the whole it is a remarkable feat to have compressed, from the great mass of Browning's work, infinite riches into so little room.

American "Out-of-Doors" Writers.

MME. TH. BENTZON, who has done much to introduce and interpret American literature to her countrymen, writes in a recent *Revue des Deux Mondes* (September 15) of 'Naturalism in the United States.' She prefaces her remarks by saying that she does not use the word 'naturalism' in the sense in which it is used in France at the present day, but to express the worship of nature, and consequently as applying to the literary school which has produced a number of books classed by the American publishers (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) under the title of 'The Out-Door Library.' Thoreau, Lowell, Charles Dudley Warner, John Burroughs, Olive Thorne Miller, Bradford Torrey, Edith Thomas, Sara O. Jewett and Celia Thaxter are represented in it. Mme. Bentzon traces back the naturalistic movement in American literature to the influence of Louis Agassiz, whose lectures, summer schools, and scheme of erecting a museum of natural history, did so much to develop the love of nature in America. She gives an account of life at Concord, the centre of the naturalistic movement as well as of New England transcendentalism. Of the works of John Burroughs 'Fresh Fields,' 'Signs and Seasons,' 'Winter Sunshine,' etc., she writes:

It is evident that the joy of being alive is imprisoned in them with the summer rain, the winter landscape, the sea breezes, the odor of the pines, the murmur of the brooks, the buzzing of bees—in short, nature studied with the sure eye of the man of science and the artist, idealized also by the glance of the poet, who considers everything subjectively and (as has been justly said) carries about with him the marvels which he discovers without. Burroughs, like Thoreau, is a pupil of Emerson.

Mme. Bentzon considers Burroughs less inaccessible than Thoreau; he is not the *edelweiss*, but a plant easier to find which grows half-way between solitude and society. Of Lowell she says: 'He is also a poet at times, but an austere poet, with a manly voice which does not enfeeble the heart.' To the whole school she pays this tribute: 'Whatever the season that inspires them, it must be recognized that none of the American naturalists has ever been guilty of the wrong of enervating the soul by making nature the accomplice of his passions, or the echo of his sorrows and complaints. On this point they differ from the group of great painters of ideal landscapes—Bernardin de Saint-Pierre,

* Matthew Calbraith Perry. By Rev. Wm. Elliot Griffis, D.D. (\$2.) Boston: Cupples & Hurd.

Cowper, Chateaubriand, Wordsworth, Byron, Lamartine, George Sand,—all of the school of Rousseau, who himself, according to Lowell, is unconsciously the heir of Thomson, that incomplete but sincere poet, the first who attempted to render in words what Salvator Rosa and Poussin had done by the aid of lines and colors.' Among the women of the naturalistic school, Madame Bentzon speaks particularly of Miss Jewett, whose story 'A White Heron' seems to her a perfect example of the best work in this vein. She says that the author shows in this story the qualities of a painter and a poet.

How a Bibliomaniac Binds his Books.

I'D LIKE my favorite books to bind
So that their outward dress
To every bibliomaniac's mind
Their contents should express.

Napoleon's life should glare in red,
John Calvin's life in blue;
Thus they would typify bloodshed
And sour religion's hue.

The prize-ring record of the past
Must be in blue and black;
While any color that is fast
Would do for Derby track.

The Popes in scarlet well may go;
In jealous green, Othello;
In gray, Old Age of Cicero,
And London Cries in yellow.

My Walton should his gentle art
In salmon best express,
And Penn and Fox the friendly heart
In quiet drab confess.

Statistics of the lumber trade
Should be embraced in boards,
While muslin for the inspired Maid
A fitting garb affords.

Intestine wars I'd clothe in vellum,
While pig-skin Bacon grasps,
And flat romances such as 'Pelham,'
Should stand in calf with clasps.

Blind-tooled should be blank verse and rhyme
And prose of epic Milton;
But Newgate Calendar of Crime
I'd lavishly dab gilt on.

The edges of a sculptor's life
May fitly marbled be,
But sprinkle not, for fear of strife,
A Baptist history.

Crimea's warlike facts and dates
Of fragrant Russia smell;
The subjugated Barbary States
In crushed Morocco dwell.

But oh! that one I hold so dear
Should be arrayed so cheap
Gives me a qualm; I sadly fear
My Lamb must be half-sheep!

IRVING BROWNE.

The Magazines.

Scribner's opens with an elaborate and interesting article by the Blasfields on 'The Man at Arms,' dealing with armor in its popular rather than technical sense, with illustrations from old MSS., prints and mortuary effigies, and from the military manikins in the Paris Museum of Artillery. Many of the suits of armor described are connected with famous historical or literary characters. The present paper brings the subject down from the time of Charlemagne to the perfection of armor in the Fifteenth Century, and another paper in February will trace its decline. F. J. Stimson (J. S. of Dale) begins a serial, 'First Harvests,' which will run through the year, and which already shows signs of very careful writing. Mr. Bunner gives the first of a new story in three parts, and George A. Hibbard contributes a psychological short story, 'The End of the Beginning.' W. C. Brownell's critical paper on 'French Traits' deals with 'Intelligence.' Clayton C. Hall writes of 'Muni-

cipal Finance,' and suggests a substitute for sinking-funds; while Japanese Art is described by Dr. William Elliot Griffis. One of the most interesting features of the number is Mr. Stevenson's essay on 'Dreams,' telling the influence that his own dreams have had on his work.

The novel in *Lippincott's*—'Check and Counter-Check,' by Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop—is a bright and readable story, with a vivid episode of a visit to a pawnbroker's; but the plot is decidedly thin. As an objection to the pivot of the tale, it may be said that the hero's 'crime,' which is dissolved into a mere 'peccadillo,' proves to be a peccadillo of rather serious proportions. Other stories are the second in Judge Tourgée's series 'With Gauge and Swallow,' and one by Edgar Saltus, 'The Grand Duke's Rubies.' One of the poems is worth noting—that by Carlotta Perry, called 'The Price,' in which the closing verse has a touch which one might describe as neat, if it did not deserve a higher compliment. The venerable Rev. Dr. W. H. Furness gives some 'Reminiscences' of John Quincy Adams. Edgar Fawcett writes of 'The Browning Craze' and Charles E. L. Wingate of 'The Preferences of our Opera-Singers.' Of the two articles the latter is the more valuable. Mr. Fawcett finds that one or two things of Browning's are not so bad as the rest. This detracts from the merit of his criticism. When an idol is to be broken, it should be not only shattered, but ground to powder under one's heel.

Les Lettres et les Arts for November opens with a rather dull story by Bret Harte called 'L'Epaule de Bois-Rouge,' which relates the adventures of an American Methodist preacher who became the chief of a tribe of Indians. The frontispiece is a portrait of Princess Mathilde by Hébert, accompanying an interesting paper on the artistic achievements of the ladies of the French Imperial family, among them Queen Hortense and Princess Charlotte Napoleon. The photographic process reproductions of mediæval drawings are interesting and curious. They illustrate an article on 'Women in the Middle Ages,' Lynch's drawing, showing Julienne de Breteuil issuing nude from her castle at the command of her father, Henry First of England, is a fine composition, well reproduced.

'Infinite nonsense in a little room' might be an appropriate motto for the Christmas number of *Life*. From the cupid on stilts on the first page to the remarkable balloon ascension on the last, there is nothing but fun of the peculiar sort that New Yorkers like. Probably no one else quite understands it, but that makes no difference, since all the world must be interested in what pleases New York. Most of the pictures and some lines of the text are printed in colors.

Christmas Puck is two and a half times as good as usual, though we shouldn't have dared to insinuate as much, if the publishers hadn't charged twenty-five cents for it instead of ten. The variety of matter—and of color—is fairly bewildering. Not only the pictures with which the number teems, but even the text, not only the reading-matter but the advertisements, are printed in two or three different colors. We should like to make a *catalogue raisonné* of the paper's contents, but unfortunately haven't room for it. The pages that will be most carefully examined are those which contain a cartoon with hidden faces in it, and an offer of \$500 for their discovery.

Harper's Weekly has a green cover designed by F. S. Church and one of the two double-page illustrations ('Great Expectations') is from the same pencil; the other ('Lost their Way'), a winter scene, is (appropriately) by Frost. There is a full-page picture of the cook in a logging-camp calling all hands to dinner, and a smaller one representing the great lumber raft now on its way hither from Nova Scotia—a structure 585 feet long, 62 wide and 37 deep, and weighing about 18 million pounds. There are other pictures, the supply of fiction is abundant, and Dora Goodale and A. W. R. contribute poems.

There is a sensible article on title-pages and a suggestive, though short one, on Shakespeare's school-books in the November *Book-Lore*, which also contains essays on 'Incunabula,' 'The Bibliography of the Devil,' and 'Literary Epochs.' 'How Literary Men Work' brings together a multitude of interesting facts about writers of the day.—*The Antiquary* contains a curious note on 'The Date of the Suppression of the Letter S in French Orthography,' by Henry B. Wheatley, F.S.A. Other articles are on 'The Crosses of Nottinghamshire,' 'Yester Castle,' and 'Sixteenth-Century Travelling.'

The third volume of *The Forum* is stocky, solid, and sad-colored, reminding one somehow, in its studious plainness, of a stout Puritan divine. Those who like to read along a given line will find matter more or less valuable and interesting in the series of articles on 'Books that Have Helped Me,' the least weighty and most

winning of which is contributed by Andrew Lang. Considerations of Capital Punishment, the Marriage Laws, Co-education, Prohibition, the Sea-Serpent, 'and other branches of learning,' as Gobbo says, jostle one another. A Universalist and a Quaker make their respective confessions in public; and the economic heresies of Henry George are combated—curtly enough by Dr. Howard Crosby, and in a milder spirit by Dr. Wm. T. Harris and George Gunton. The volume has a comfortable clerical-library atmosphere, through which the words of Father Huntington on 'Tenement-House Morality' glow like live coals.

The fourth volume of *The New Princeton Review* contains, among many good things, Mr. Stoddard's direct, robust 'Byron' and Mr. Warner's 'Shelley'—two notable articles presenting a marked contrast in method, and well illustrating the distinction drawn by F. N. Zabriskie, in his remarks on 'The Essay as a Literary Form and Quality'—a clever paper, dwindling at the close. This definer would doubtless find in the 'Shelley' a true essay, which 'does not pursue its theme like a pointer, but goes hither and thither, like a bird to find material for its nest, or a bee to get honey for its comb.' Mr. Gilder's 'Certain Tendencies in Current Literature' reappears in this volume. Brander Matthews, in 'American Authors and British Pirates,' gives a hearty push to the on-rolling wheel of the International Copyright cause; and Henry Van Dyke traces the various repairs and alterations in Tennyson's 'Palace of Art' in an interesting manner. The massiest gold of this treasury is the slightly abridged translation of Tolstoi's 'Sebastopol in May,' with its immortal concluding paragraph: 'The hero of my tale, whom I love with all the strength of my soul, whom I have tried to set forth in all his beauty, and who has always been, is, and always will be most beautiful, is—the truth.' The volume is furnished with a useful record of events and a convenient analytical index.

Dr. Wilkinson's "Classic German" Judgments.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Will you courteously permit me to set myself right before your readers in a few points wherein your friendly notice of my 'Classic German Course in English' has inadvertently misrepresented me? In the first place, my little book is *not*, as the reviewer mistakenly describes it, a 'Brief History of German Literature.' This character it distinctly and repeatedly disclaims. In the second place, my reviewer says:—'Did Wieland write nothing but "Oberon"?' One would think not [so?] from reading the pages on this writer. And yet I had strongly, not too strongly, pronounced 'the amount and the variety of the literary work that Wieland did' 'prodigious.' I had even quoted briefly from one other of his works, reserving indeed, however, my space chiefly for his chief work, the 'Oberon,' that work being really the only work of Wieland that, for the purpose of a book like mine—which is not a *history* of German Literature—can be said still to live. My reviewer says again: 'One is introduced (through this writer's eyes) to a mob of "freethinkers," "atheists," etc.' The quotation-marks used by the reviewer, with the words 'freethinkers' and 'atheists,' might, without its being explained that this style of punctuation [?] was merely an idiosyncrasy of taste on the reviewer's part, mislead THE CRITIC's readers to suppose that I had myself characterized many, or perhaps even most, of the German writers named by me as 'freethinkers' and 'atheists.' The fact, however, is that I have not so characterized a single one of them all. Indeed, I seriously doubt whether the word 'atheist' can be found—unless possibly in some extract from a German author—anywhere in the pages of my book. The one only use made by me of the word 'freethinker' is, I believe, in this sentence as to Lessing: 'Lessing was essentially a freethinker, not only in the good, but also in the technical bad, sense of the expression.'

There are other noticeable points of wrong impression on the reviewer's part, but I must not ask too much of your valuable space and I check myself. The reviewer is not pleased with my style. Did he not unconsciously allow the pardonable irritation thence arising to make him see things thus unfortunately written a little 'out of the true'?

December, 1887.

WILLIAM C. WILKINSON.

[The reviewer cannot see why Dr. Wilkinson should feel aggrieved that his 'Classic German Course in English' is called 'A Brief History of German Literature.' If it is not, what is it? It cannot well be called a Sunday-school tract in 320 pages. Of what imaginable use to readers of a 'Classic German Course in English' can the mere statement be that such a writer as Wieland wrote a 'prodigious' variety of things? Mere statement of this sort is not illuminating;

it is—we will not say what. It was not the reviewer's intention, by the 'idiosyncrasy' of his 'punctuation' (?) or his taste, to mislead THE CRITIC's readers as to the character of Dr. Wilkinson's literary judgment. Pray, what does Dr. Wilkinson mean by saying, 'I have not so characterized [as 'freethinkers' and 'atheists'] a *single one* of them' [the German writers], and then, in the next breath, admitting that he said, 'Lessing was essentially a freethinker?' In his characterization of other German writers he shall be judged out of his own mouth. Of Wieland he says (p. 102): "'To die—to sleep" were his last words—so spoken, and by such a man, words of mournful skepticism, rather than of Christian trust and rest.' Again (p. 103): 'Notwithstanding his faults, of levity, of fickleness, of lasciviousness, of skepticism, one does not part from him without a certain regret.' To Dr. Wilkinson (p. 211), 'the Prologue in Heaven,' in Goethe's 'Faust,' is 'irredeemably profane' inasmuch as it attributes 'blasphemous sentiments' to God, and the poem is condemned as not containing 'a single lofty or noble sentiment, one generous expression.' The versification, by the way, is declared (p. 212) to be 'galvanized,'—whatever that may mean. Of Schiller we are told: 'He seems never to have been other than a deist of the Voltairian type' (p. 226). Of Heine: 'A very important feature of the "Pictures of Travel," as of most of Heine's works, is the ribaldry, now blasphemous, now lewd, which it contains' (p. 309). In short, a string of such judgments pervades the book from one end to the other, the crowning information being vouchsafed (Epilogue, p. 322) that Schopenhauer's 'oppressive philosophy is written in almost [!] a literary style.'

THE REVIEWER.]

London Letter.

THE winter season has set in with less than its wonted severity. For the matter of reminiscences we are perhaps a little livelier than usual; for Mr. Frith's have been succeeded by Mr. Trollope's, and these in their turn have had to give place to Mr. Stevenson's 'Memories and Portraits,' and here, almost before his ink is dry, is Mr. Stevenson having to make way for Sir Frederick Pollock. Mr. Trollope has already been so well and widely reviewed that I may be excused from saying anything in this place of his bright and engaging book; Sir Frederick Pollock's work I have not yet seen; while as 'Memories and Portraits' is an integral part of 'Virginibus Puerisque,' I must refrain from discussing it at any length or to any positive purpose. I may note, however, that I am particularly well pleased with the 'Gossip on a Novel of Dumas's.' Mr. Stevenson's public is divided—it would seem—into three sections. There is the section which opines that he should eschew morality and stick to fiction; there is the section which holds that he should eschew fiction and stick to morality; and there is the section which swears by everything he does, and is even moved to rapture by the spectacle of him going arm in arm with seventeen Medical Men. If I belong to any one of these—and I cannot honestly say that I do, though I suppose that it is quite impossible but I must—it is to the second; and I take leave to remark, with regard to this 'Gossip on a Novel,' that here is a clear case of the pleasant way in which the whirling of Time sometimes brings in his revenges. It is not so many years since the world would as soon have thought of looking for entertainment in the novels of Mr. George Meredith as for morality in the works of Alexander Maximus. Alexander, indeed, was anathema to all serious minds. Only his son believed in him; to the rest of mankind he was no more than an enormous baby's rattle. He was a glutton, a spendthrift, a liar, a thief, a *farceur* in art as in life; if he was generous in giving, it was only because he worked wholesale in stealing; his one title to fame was that he had picked the brains of better men and brought his plunder down to the level of hall-porters and plain cooks. A little while, and lo! everything is changed. Here is the

frankest and liveliest of living moralists not only finding the morality of 'Bragelonne' a beautiful and wholesome business, but actually proving his position point by point, and adding insult to injury by confessing—not without a fair show of reason—that he likes his D'Artagnan better than anybody in Shakspeare. I cannot help believing—and I rejoice in the incapacity—that his declaration will gain him many friends. For myself, I recall the time when I despised my Dumas, and lived to be serious with Balzac and—alas!—with Flaubert, with a blushing amusement; and I do not think that I shall be alone in applauding Mr. Stevenson with all my heart for his gallant and chivalrous protest in favor of the most gallant and chivalrous of modern writers.

It is a great leap from 'Memories and Portraits' and the 'Vicomte de Bragelonne' to 'Poor Nellie'; but for all that it is a leap that must be taken. Let me begin by owning that the book is at least a volume too long and only heaven knows how much too clever. The author—who is said to be a Miss Ingham, daughter of the well-known London magistrate of that name—has a fine talent of ungenerous observation and a firm belief in the efficacy of spiteful things. For two volumes she is so intent upon the task of presenting her real heroine, Clara Newsham, in such a way as to make her absolutely despicable, that she quite forgets that Clara is a piece of art and not a private enemy; and by dint of showing how thoroughly she understands her, and what very bitter things she can invent to say about her, she at last obliges the candid reader to refuse to believe in the veracity of her presentation. This is all the more unfortunate, as she brings her Clara on, at the very crisis of the action, for a purpose hard to reconcile with the possibilities of human nature, and in which, as we decline to think of her as credible, we are incapable of serious interest. One feels that if Clara had only been alive, her intervention would have had the weight and force of a stroke of genius; and one is rather glad (on the whole) that she is only the author's fun, since, had she really been done, her appearance at this pass and to this purpose would have been almost too terrible to bear. It is the reverse of all this with Poor Nellie herself. The author has treated her dispassionately, and our faith in her is unalterable and unaltered. I have read nothing so dreadful as the scene in which her malady is revealed in all its hideousness, and as her last night in the land of the living. As it seems to me, these two passages—to name but these—are felt with an intensity, and conveyed with a masterly sobriety of touch, which is nothing less than genius. I do not imagine that the author—Miss Ingham or another—will change her method; it appears to be as it were innate—the inseparable concomitant of a peculiar cast of mind. If she could, if she would but refrain from cleverness she might do better work, I believe, than any living woman—to say nothing of most living men. Such other novels, I may add, as are being talked about, are, like 'Poor Nellie,' weeks old. One is 'The New Antigone,' another Miss Laffan's 'Ismay's Children,' and yet another 'A Village Tragedy.' No doubt you know them all three, and have made up your minds about them this long while. A fourth experiment in fiction of which a great deal of notice has been taken is 'Dead Man's Rock,' produced (through Cassell & Co.) by a certain 'Q.' I do not know 'Q's' name; but I am told that he has not only gained much money, but been made an editor on the strength of this single performance. His book is not a good one; but there are good things in it, and in course of time the author, having outgrown his passion for the works of Mr. Stevenson, and learned something of his art, will, no doubt, look back upon this virgin effort with considerable discontent.

If all four parts of the new 'History of English Literature' which is being done for Messrs. Macmillan are as good as Mr. Saintsbury's volume on the Elizabethans, it will be as capital a thing of its kind as exists. Mr. Saintsbury has enemies (I believe), but there is none (I should imagine) so inimical as not to find this work of his suggestive and stim-

ulating in a very high degree. Speaking for myself, I confess to having read it with prodigious interest; sometimes with hearty approval, sometimes with the strongest sense of disagreement, but always with the pleasure one takes in stuff that is really individual and alive. 'My only cause,' says Mr. Saintsbury, 'for undertaking to write on the greatest period of the greatest literature of the world, is that I have been diligently reading the productions, small and great, of this period for some five-and-twenty years with ever-increasing admiration, and that I find the increase of my admiration due in no small degree to the comparison with other periods and other literatures, ancient and modern, which I have been enabled to make in the meantime.' He might have added, and still kept within the bounds of modesty, that he had read not only with diligence, but with independence and to excellent purpose. His book is marked by equal courage and good faith. He is, as always, a *romantique à tous crins*; it may be said of him, as always, 'Il sort toujours de la première d' "Hernani." ' But having taken up his position, he only leaves it to descend with alarums and excursions upon the camp of his opposites. I am bold enough to like his aggressiveness. Whether I agree with him or not, I feel bounden to him when (for instance) he goes out of his way to remark of Milton that, as a private person, he is only approached in unpleasantness by the poet of 'Andromaque'; or when he falls foul of the authors of the Revised Version; or when he grows dithyrambic in praise of Spenser and Shakspeare, and proceeds to be soberly just—or unjust, according to the politics of his reader—to Clarendon, and Taylor, and Hobbes. Work of the kind is a real refreshment; and I hope that Mr. Saintsbury may give us more of it. I like him well enough on French literature; but I like him much better on the literature of his own country.

In poetry we have had Mr. Alfred Austin's 'Prince Lucifer'—which is better than was expected, though it is not excessively moving after all; and Miss Kendall's 'Dreams to Sell,' the best part of which is, *me judice*, the title, though it contains some clever stuff, and is always bright and readable. Worth a wilderness of both books—with a wilderness of Mr. Edwin Arnold's 'Lotus and Jewel' thrown in—is 'The Doctor,' a new set of 'Fo'c's'le Yarns,' by Mr. T. E. Brown, in which there is enough of poetry, and observation, and humanity, to make the fortune of a dozen ordinary volumes, and which has been received with a complete absence of enthusiasm. In 'Irish Minstrelsy,' the new volume of 'The Canterbury Poets,' which Mr. Halliday Sparling has compiled for Mr. William Sharp, there is plenty of sedition, with a great number of echoes of Macaulay. When I add that Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, 'The Deemster' is a great success with the reviewers; that Mr. Symonds has done an admirable bit of work in his translation of the immortal autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini; that 'The Gaverocks' is not nearly so readable as 'Mehalah' or even 'John Her-ring'; and that Mr. Clagden's 'The Early Life of Samuel Rogers' is well done and worth having, I have emptied my budget.

LONDON, December 13, 1887.

H. B.

Mr. Whittier's Eightieth Birthday.

THE Boston *Advertiser* celebrated Mr. Whittier's eightieth birthday, last Saturday, after the manner of THE CRITIC's celebration of Dr. Holmes's seventy-fifth, in 1884. Poems and letters of congratulation were printed from Mr. Lowell, Dr. Holmes, Walt Whitman, Dr. Hale, Mr. Cable, Col. Higginson, Miss Guiney, Senator Hoar, James Parton, Lucy Larcom, Rev. Drs. Bartol, Clarke and Hedge, Mr. Parkman, John Boyle O'Reilly, Miss Phelps and other distinguished writers. Mr. Lowell received his invitation too late to be able to do more than improvise the following quatrain:

How fair a pearl chain, eighty strong,
Lustrous and hallowed every one.

With saintly thoughts and sacred song
As 'twere the rosary of a nun!

Dr. Holmes's tribute took the form of a sonnet:

Friend, whom thy fourscore winters leave more dear
Than when life's roseate summer on thy cheek
Burned in the flush of manhood's manliest year,
Lonely, how lonely! is the snowy peak
Thy feet have reached, and mine have climbed so near!
Close on thy footsteps mid the landscape drear
I stretch my hand thine answering grasp to seek,
Warm with the love no rippling rhymes can speak!
Look backwards! From thy lofty height survey
Thy years of toil, of peaceful victories won,
Of dreams made real, largest hopes outrun!
Look forward! Brighter than earth's morning ray
Streams the pure light of Heaven's unsetting sun,
The all-unclouded dawn of life's immortal day!

The *Independent* of Dec. 16 contained a sonnet to John G. Whittier by Mr. E. C. Stedman, and a poem by Mr. Whittier himself. The sonnet—as charming in sentiment as in expression—is called 'Whittier's Eightieth Birthday':

What seest thou, where the peaks about thee stand,
Far up the ridge that severs from our view
That realm unvisited? What prospect new
Holds thy rapt eye? What glories of the land
Which from yon loftier cliff thou now hast scanned,
Upon thy visage set their lustrous hue?
Speak, and interpret still, O Watchman true,
The signals answering thy lifted hand,
And bide thee yet! still linger, ere thy feet
To sainted bards that beckon bear thee down—
Though lilies, asphodel and spikenard sweet
Await thy tread to blossom; and the crown
Long since is woven of Heaven's palm-leaves, meet
For him whom Earth can lend no more renown.

Mr. Whittier's own poem, ripe alike in feeling and in art, and suggestive in form of Bryant's beautiful ode 'To a Waterfowl,' is entitled 'A Legacy':

Friend of my many years!
When the great silence falls, at last, on me,
Let me not leave to pain and sadden thee
A memory of tears.
But pleasant thoughts alone
Of one who was thy friendship's honored guest
And drank the wine of consolation pressed
From sorrows of thy own.
I leave with thee a sense
Of hands upheld and trials rendered less—
The unselfish joy which is to helpfulness
Its own great recompense;
The knowledge that from thine,
As from the garments of the Master, stole
Calmness and strength, the virtue which makes whole
And heals without a sign;
Yea, more, the assurance strong
That love, which fails of perfect utterance here,
Lives on to fill the heavenly atmosphere
With its immortal song.

The Fine Arts

The Architectural League Exhibition.

THE third exhibition of the Architectural League, which opened on Monday, is not only valuable to persons interested in the technicalities of architecture, but to all art-lovers. It is held in the new Fifth Avenue Galleries, adjoining the Stewart mansion, and occupies three large rooms. The entrance hall contains the forty prize drawings of a bell-tower on a village green, submitted by young architects. The awards have been made as follows: gold medal, James A. McLeod, of Minneapolis, Minn.; silver medal, W. B. Mundie, Chicago; honorable mention, Julius Harder, New York; William C. Noland, Philadelphia; and Timothy F. Walsh, Cambridge, Mass. The group of pen-and-ink drawings, by Robert Blum, of the Ponce de Leon hotel in Florida, and Joseph Pennell's charcoals, wet and dry, and pen-

and-inks of English cathedrals, form interesting exhibits. The original designs of Will Low's illustrations of Keats's Odes and Sonnets are here displayed. Some excellent work in water-colors, in the way of architectural studies, is shown by Louis C. Tiffany; it is strong in color and picturesque in treatment. S. W. Meade, Frank E. Wallis and J. A. Schweinfurth have good work in the same vein. Among the historical exhibits may be mentioned George Washington's own plans for Mount Vernon, with manuscript notes, written by himself. Three drawings by J. M. W. Turner—pencil sketches of old houses at Chester and a bit of Edinburgh—have been lent by Prof. Charles Eliot Norton, who also sends four water-colors by Ruskin, one being a very elaborate study of the marbles forming the arch of the façade of St. Mark's, Venice. Richard M. Hunt's work as a student in Paris is extremely interesting to architects. A series of drawings executed for his master, M. Lefuel, when he was engaged on the Louvre Library begun by Visconti, and a design of several parts of an Algerian desert station, are worthy of special attention.

The inner room, which contains the loan collection of decorative objects applied to architecture, presents a beautiful effect of color, so harmoniously have the many heterogeneous objects been grouped. Here are Augustus St. Gaudens's Bellows Memorial, and portrait reliefs of the Schiff children in well-toned plaster. Water-colors by La-farge and John Johnston, with their richness and depth of color, make the decorative panels of the famous Frenchman, Galland, look cheap and shallow. Walter Shirlaw appears to advantage, in the matter of color, with his decorative compositions. F. S. Church shows that his purely decorative work is as fine as his easel compositions. T. W. Dewing has a panel figure representing an angel. Tapestries by Dora Wheeler, embroideries, silks and decorative stuffs of various kinds help to produce a sumptuous *ensemble*. Mrs. Richard M. Hunt lends to the exhibition a collection of photographs of works by Miss Mary Grant, the English sculptress. They are somewhat conventional in treatment, but not more so than English sculpture generally. They include the reredos of the Edinburgh Cathedral, and other religious monuments. The finest of the ideal compositions is a Diana, which is at once heroic and modern in treatment. There are portrait-busts of the Queen, Dean Stanley, the Duke of Argyll, and many other persons of note in England.

The reception last Saturday evening to Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, which preceded the opening of the exhibition to the public, was largely attended and in every way successful—a decidedly interesting feature of the season.

Art Notes.

THE new Avery gallery, at 368 Fifth Avenue, was opened last week. They occupy the upper part of the building known as the Fifth Avenue Galleries. Some of the pictures seen in the old gallery are on exhibition at the new, but other works recently brought from abroad have been added to the collection. Among them are a new Jules Breton, 'The Gleaner,' showing a sunset effect with the figure of a peasant girl in a field. A Jacques has a flock of sheep in the foreground, each figure being carefully worked out and skilfully modelled. The landscape is an early spring effect. It is not as well handled as the figures. A fine Gérôme is the head of a Nubian chief. Schreyer's 'Arab Troopers,' a good Diaz ('Sunset'), Rousseau's 'Autumn,' an excellent small Daubigny ('Evening'), and a Corot ('The Hillside') are among the best pictures. Very interesting is a pastel by J. F. Millet, from the Defoer collection. It shows a field with a sunset sky above it. In the foreground is the figure of a peasant returning home after a day's toil. E. Jeannin is the name signed to a fine piece of color-decoration, on a poppy-subject.

—New sales at the American Art Galleries include M. Ronzee's 'Waiting for the Boat,' \$400; Leon Moran's 'Composer,' \$150; and Edward Gay's 'October,' \$150. The exhibition will remain open a month or six weeks longer. The sale is announced at this gallery of the studio properties of Léon Escosura, an artist who once spent some time in New York.

—The autumn exhibition of the National Academy of Design closed last Saturday with sales amounting to about \$9,000.

—An art exhibition, held at the rooms of the Delta Kappa Epsilon Club last Saturday, contained the collection of Calvin S. Brice. Included in it were the 'Forest at Fontainebleau' of Diaz, Knaus's 'Sweet Sixteen,' and Vibert's 'La Madère.' A. A. Anderson's 'Judith' was also shown.

The Lounger

THERE has been a lively correspondence in the London *Standard* over the Thackeray-Brookfield letters recently printed in *Scribner's Magazine*. Commenting upon it, *The Pall Mall Gazette* says:

Thackeray left the copyright of all his letters, published and unpublished, to Mr. George Smith. In spite of this, Mrs. Brookfield offered for a high price to Messrs. Scribner a series of letters of which, though the possession was hers, the right of publication was Mr. Smith's. Messrs. Scribner bought the letters, published them, and presumably made a handsome profit out of the sharp practice.

To publish a series of letters purchased from the owner for the avowed purpose of publication, is not called 'sharp practice' on this side of the Atlantic, even by the sternest advocates of International Copyright.

A MAN who should leave to a publisher the copyright of the letters he had written to his friends, would here be called an Indian giver. Once or twice in the Brookfield letters, Thackeray says that he is so pleased with what he has written to his 'dear lady,' or at least finds it so 'available,' that he means to sell it for publication. It would be unpleasant to think, though, that he had written all these letters with one eye on the public. What gave them their charm was the sense that, however worthy of publication, they were not written with that end in view. The *Gazette* claims that Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co. had 'every legal and moral right on their side.' I am not learned in the law; but as to the moral, as distinguished from the legal right, I am inclined to question this statement. What I do not question is that Thackeray would 'turn in his grave,' if he knew that his dearest friend, now in sadly straightened circumstances, was being persecuted in her old age by a house that had made a fortune out of his books.

IN THE very number of the *Budget* (the weekly edition of the *Gazette*) which contains this attack on the Brookfields, I find an advertisement of a recent number of the same paper, containing an elaborate review of the new Life of Darwin. If we are to credit the report which came to this country last month, when that review appeared, the extracts accompanying it were made from a set of advance-sheets stolen for the purpose. But then all is fair, is it not? in love, journalism and war.

THE perennial theme, 'Boston as a Literary Centre,' is the text of a two-column homily in a recent issue of the Boston *Advertiser*. The writer—Mr. Wm. Morton Fullerton—marshals the familiar names at imposing length; but declines to tempt providence by distinguishing between the whales and the minnows. 'I absolutely refuse to say among these which is Vergil and which Pollio; and he seeks to justify this discretion. After all, 'it might be worth while to remind the cynic, and the tuft-hunters, and the world in general for that matter, that it don't really make so much difference as they think which is Horace and Vergil and which Varius and Pollio, Servius, Plotius and Valgus and the great Fundanius.' He is right. It does *not* make much difference which is which, so far as the value of the 'centre' is concerned; but then nothing makes much difference to a person who calmly says of that centre, 'By Boston, of course, I mean Concord and Salem as well.'

MR. HENRY IRVING'S paper on 'Irving's Mephistopheles,' in *The Epoch*, is the distinguished actor's setting-forth in words of the conception of a character which he has some hundreds of times set forth in action on the stage. 'He is not the Satan of Milton, but a "waggish knave." . . . He is the sarcastic, flip-pant man-about-town. He needs only an eye-glass to be a limping old beau of our own day.' This is Goethe's creation, as Mr. Irving reads his 'Faust'; and he claims that Goethe elsewhere than in the play explicitly sanctioned this view of the character. Yet it is not the Mephistopheles that the readers of the poem commonly picture to themselves. To these Mr. Irving's mincing gait and titivating manner are a thorn in the flesh, and go far toward undoing the capital impression he makes when he forgets—or chooses not to remember—that Mephistopheles is a 'limping old beau.'

THERE is no cause worthier of the sympathy and support of charitable New Yorkers, than that of the Association for the Improvement of the Condition of the Poor. The poor we have had with us since time began, and shall continue to have till time ends; and the organization which sets itself to relieve the necessities of those who are unavoidably in need, does more good in a single day than ten thousand 'Anti-Poverty Societies' could accomplish in a century. During the past year the Association has inspected nearly six hundred tenement houses, furnished over 7,000 meals and lodgings to individuals, and in various ways relieved over 16,000 cases of necessity. It investigates every case referred to it. But all this costs money—some \$25,000 a year; and the Association naturally looks to the public for help in its important and unselfish work. The address of the Treasurer, Mr. Robert B. Minturn, is 45 William Street.

Notes

THE 'Library of American Literature, from the Earliest Settlement to the Present Time,' on which Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss Ellen Mackay Hutchinson have been at work for several years, is to be published by Messrs. Charles L. Webster & Co., of this city. It is a treasury for which students of literature have been waiting with considerable impatience, since it was first announced as in course of preparation. Each of the ten octavo volumes will contain over 500 pages; and among the 150 full-page portraits (fifteen in each volume) will be many noticeable for their intrinsic value or great scarcity. The arrangement of volumes is as follows: Vol. I., 'Early Colonial Literature,' 1607-1675; II., 'Later Colonial Literature,' 1676-1764; III., 'Literature of the Revolution,' 1765-1777; IV., 'Literature of the Republic—Constitutional Period,' 1788-1820; V., 'Literature of the Republic,' 1821-1834; VI., VII., VIII., 'Literature of the Republic,' 1835-1860; IX., X., 'Literature of the Republic,' 1861-1887 (fully representing the writers that have arisen since the beginning of the Civil War). Six of the ten volumes are now ready. The work will be sold by subscription, in various styles of binding, ranging in price from \$3 to \$5 per volume.

—Another important work announced by the same house is the *Memoirs of Gen. Philip Sheridan*, in two large volumes of about 600 pages each. This will be ready in the spring. Mrs. Custer's new book will be ready very shortly. It is called 'Tenting on the Plains; or, Custer in Kansas and Texas,' and is expected to vie in interest with the author's popular 'Boots and Saddles.'

—Mrs. Craik's paper on Miss Mary Anderson, which will appear in the second number of *The Woman's World*, was published in *Harper's Bazar* of Nov. 12. The note accompanying the manuscript was written the day before the author's death. A portrait of Miss Anderson as Hermione, and a picture of 'the Corner House,' Mrs. Craik's home, appeared in the same number of the *Bazar*.

—Articles on the Great West will be a special feature of *Harper's Monthly* next year. Other attractions will be illustrated papers on Norway, Switzerland, Algiers and the West Indies, by Björnson, Howells, F. A. Bridgman and Lafcadio Hearn; a paper on Scotland illustrated by Pennell; 'A Gypsy Camp in Surrey,' by F. Anstey; 'London as a Literary Centre,' by R. R. Bowker, with portraits; 'St. Andrews,' by Andrew Lang; further expositions of Parisian life, by Theo. Child; 'French Dramatic Writers and How to Act Them,' by M. Coquelin; novels by Howells and Black; novelettes by James, Lafcadio Hearn and Amélie Rives, and short stories by Miss Woolson.

—'Artistic Country Seats' is the title of a subscription work, in five parts, each containing eighty pages of text illustrated with twenty plates representing recent types of American architecture, which Mr. George Wm. Sheldon is preparing for Messrs. Appleton. Only 1000 copies will be printed.

—'A Portfolio of Players' is the title of a book which J. W. Bouton will publish immediately. It will contain twenty photographic portraits, in character and otherwise, of members of Augustin Daly's company. The letter-press is from the pens of H. C. Bunner, Wm. Winter, Brander Matthews, Laurence Hutton and other writers on stage matters. Only 110 copies will be printed, including twenty-five proof copies.

—The metrical translation of the Russian poet Nekrasov's poem 'Red-Nosed Frost,' published last year by Ticknor & Co., has gone into a second edition. To the text of the first edition has been added a literal line-for-line translation, and the tastefully-bound volume is further enriched by illustrations designed and engraved by W. J. Linton.

—The late James Carson Brevoort, of Brooklyn, was well-known in historical and antiquarian circles in this city as well as in that; from 1852 to 1878 he was a Trustee of the Astor Library, and from 1876 to '78 its Superintendent. He was one of the founders of the

Long Island Historical Association, and for ten years its President. He was also a Regent of the State University. When Irving went to Spain as American Minister, Mr. Brevoort accompanied him as his private secretary. This was half a century ago.

A specially selected cast and the students of the New York School of Acting were announced for a performance yesterday (Friday) afternoon of Molière's 'Precieuses Ridicules' and the Fourth Act of Shakspeare's 'Winter's Tale.' A similar matinée was given last year, it may be remembered, with results very gratifying to the management of the School.

Among the writers for the early numbers of the *Forum* in 1888 will be Prof. Tyndall, Justice Miller of the Supreme Court, Prof. Emile de Laveleye, of Belgium; Prof. John Stuart Blackie, Dr. Henry Maudsley, Prof. Freeman, W. H. Mallock, Prof. Romanes, Wilkie Collins, Senators Dawes and Cullom, and Dr. E. E. Hale. The editor announces a series of educational articles containing an exhaustive discussion of vexed problems of the public schools—'What should be taught?', 'How should teaching be done?' etc.

The keystone of Lincoln's Cabinet fell out on the eve of his Inauguration. How he replaced it will be told in the January *Century*; which will also contain several unpublished letters of Hawthorne's, accompanying a defence of the novelist (by his friend Horatio Bridge) from the charge of disloyalty in '62.

Mr. Charles E. L. Wingate, dramatic critic of the Boston *Journal*, has in press for immediate publication 'The Playgoers' Year-Book,' telling the story of the stage in Boston for 1887.

Longmans, Green & Co. have just published a story by Christie Murray and Henry Herman, the scene of which is laid in Britain, in the First Century. The authors describe it as 'an experiment in imaginative art.'

The *Medical Record's* report of the recent International Medical Congress in Washington was distributed gratuitously to the American press, and to the English, French and German medical papers, translations into French and German having been made at the publishers' expense. The undertaking is said to have cost Messrs. Wm. Wood & Co. more than \$4000.

The Cambridge *Tribune* celebrates the holiday season by printing a poem by C. P. Cranch, special articles in prose, and illustrated reviews of holiday books.

Mr. J. I. C. Clarke, of the *Morning Journal*, is about to publish a prose drama of which Robert Emmet is the hero. Access to the library of Dr. T. A. Emmet, who is a grand-nephew of the patriot, has enabled him to illustrate the work with reproductions of the originals of all the portraits of Emmet. Messrs. Putnam will publish the volume.

Palmer Cox's 'The Brownies: Their Book' has gone into a third edition.

There are 352 pages in the new Harvard Catalogue, as against 332 last year. The whole number of students in the institution is 1,812, against 1,688 last year, and the number in the College proper is 1,138 against 1,077.

Tolstoi's 'Stories for Children' and 'Napoleon and the Russian Campaign,' are announced by T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The January *Magazine of American History* will contain an illustrated article on Thurlow Weed's home in Twelfth Street, this city, with a portrait of Mr. Weed as a frontispiece.

Our *Youth*, edited by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Vincent and published by Phillips & Hunt, makes interesting announcements for 1888. Its list of contributors includes the names of Prof. Henry Drummond, C. F. Holder, E. S. Nadal, Mrs. J. H. Walworth, the late Serjeant Ballantyne, Charles Barnard, Margaret Sangster and Hezekiah Butterworth.

'Literary Landmarks of London,' Mr. Laurence Hutton's convenient handbook for the American tourist, is about to reappear in a fourth edition, revised to date.

Woman is the name of a new illustrated magazine. We find mention in the table-of-contents of the January number of a second paper by Frederick Saunders on 'The Great Books of the Astor Library'; 'Flowers of the Snow,' by Frederick Schwatka; sketches of Mrs. Craik and Jenny Lind; 'Woman in the Brama Somaj,' etc. Fiction will fill a large part of future numbers of the magazine.

Sir Henry James agrees with the British Attorney-General that copies of all American books issued in England, although actually printed and published in the United States, must be sent to the British Museum Library, just as if they were of English origin.

Mr. Austin Dobson's 'Life of Goldsmith,' the next volume of the Great Writers Series, will contain three hitherto unprinted letters of Goldsmith's from the collection of Mr. F. Locker-Lampson. Goldsmith's letters are very rare.

Mr. John Morley's address on aphorisms, delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in a small volume, uniform with his address on 'The Study of Literature.'

D. writes to *The Athenæum* of Dec. 10 to record the discovery of an autograph of John Harvard, founder of Harvard College, and also of his brother Thomas, of whom, he believes, no other writing has been found. The brothers held certain property by lease from the Hospital of St. Katharine, near the Tower of London, and this autograph is the original counterpart lease from the Hospital to 'John Harvard, Clerke, and Thomas Harvard, Citizen and Clothworker of London,' of certain tenements in the parish of Allhallows, Barking, the lease bearing date July 29th, 1635, and the counterpart being executed by John and Thomas Harvard. The document has been in the custody of the Hospital for 252 years. A facsimile, of the full size of the original—some 17 x 20 inches—and in the very best style, is being made.

An Albany despatch to last Monday's papers ran as follows:

Horace White, Mrs. D. Butterfield, Mrs. W. B. Neftel, W. H. Russell, Charles Dudley Warner, Mrs. A. B. Darling, and D. H. Chamberlain, were incorporated to-day under the title of 'The Drawing Room' of New York, taking for their motto these phrases of Philip Gilbert Hamerton: 'The essence of intellectual living does not reside in extent of science or in perfection of expression, but in the constant preference for higher thoughts over lower ones.' The objects set forth are to promote the advancement of general culture and refinement in all classes, and to discountenance, by moral and social influences, intolerance and vanity inconsistent with American dignity, to hold reunions for the exchange of thought in conversation, and for the enjoyment in a social manner of individual study, etc., to maintain a library and an art gallery.

The Rubinstein Club, of which F. W. De Voe is President and Wm. R. Chapman Musical Director, gave its first concert at Chickering Hall last week. From the beginning to the end of the programme the performance was successful. The novel feature of the Club is that it is composed entirely of female voices. Those who feared that the music would lack in quantity what it gained in quality were agreeably surprised. The soprano voices were fresh and of that bird-like quality peculiar to American voices, while the contraltos were particularly rich and full; and in the combination one did not feel the absence of the male element. The programme was most judiciously made up, and was not confined to the compositions of the master after whom the club is named. The organizers of the Rubinstein Club are to be congratulated upon their excellent beginning.

Publications Received.

RECEIPT of new publications is acknowledged in this column. Further notice of any work will depend upon its interest and importance. Where no address is given the publication is issued in New York.

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| Adams, H. B. Seminary Libraries, etc. 25c. | Baltimore: Johns Hopkins University. |
| Baxter, Lucy. Life of Wm. Barnes. \$2.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Besant, W. Katharine Regina 16c. | Harper & Bros. |
| Bidder, M. Westminster Cloisters. | London: Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. |
| Bowne, E. S. A Girl's Life Eighty Years ago. \$3 | Chas. Scribner's Sons. |
| Brooks, H. M. Olden Time Music. \$1.50 | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Brotherton, A. W. What the Wind Told to the Tree-Tops. \$1.25 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Bullen, A. H. More Lyrics from the Song-books of the Elizabethan Age. | London: John C. Nimmo. |
| Claretie, Jules. Marsa. Tr. by A. D. Hall. 25c. | Rand, McNally & Co. |
| Collyer, R. Talks to Young Men. \$1.25 | Boston: Lee & Shepard. |
| Corbett, Julian. For God and Gold. \$1.50 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Curtis, May. Moly: A Book of Poems. \$1.25 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| D. E. S. Mahaly Sawyer. \$1.25 | Boston: Cupples & Hurd. |
| De Nerval, Gérard. Sylvie. \$4 | Geo. Routledge & Sons. |
| De Omnibus Rebus. | London: John C. Nimmo. |
| Doran, Dr. Annals of the English Stage. 3 vols. | London: John C. Nimmo. |
| Goodwin, Mrs. H. B. Our Party of Four. \$1 | Boston: Cupples & Hurd. |
| Guiney, Louise Imogen. The White Sail. \$1.25 | Boston: Ticknor & Co. |
| Hornaday, Wm. T. Free Rum on the Congo. | Chicago: Woman's Temperance Publication Association. |
| Hutton, R. H. Essays. \$1.50 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Kendall, May. Dreams to Sell. \$2 | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Kirkup, T. An Inquiry into Socialism. \$1.50 | Longmans, Green & Co. |
| Life's Problems. \$1.25 | Boston: Cupples & Hurd. |
| Magazine of American History, Vol. XVIII. \$3.50 | |
| Mahaffy, J. P. Principles of the Art of Conversation. 75c. | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Mahaffy, J. P. Greek Life and Thought. \$3.50 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Martin, Frances. Elizabeth Gilbert. \$1.75 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Metcalf, C. H. Golden Opportunities of Everyday Life. 90c. | Phillips & Hunt. |
| Molesworth, Mrs. Little Miss Peggy. \$1.25 | Macmillan & Co. |
| Murray, J. Elocution for Advanced Pupils. \$1 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| O'Donnell, J. F. Heart Lyrics. \$1.25 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Orhorn, L. M. The Angel of the Village. Tr. by N. Matthews. \$1.25 | Boston: Cupples & Hurd. |
| Oswald, F. L. The Secret of the East. \$1 | The Truth Seeker Co. |
| Penny, A. Ten Years in Melanesia. | London: Wells, Gardner, Darton & Co. |
| Purdy, T. H. Legends of the Susquehanna. \$1.50 | Phila.: J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Randolph, H. F. Fifty Years of English Song. 4 vols. \$5 | Randolph & Co. |
| Runcie, C. F. Poems. \$1 | G. P. Putnam's Sons. |
| Schönbach, A. E. Lesen und Bildung. | Gray: Leuschner & Lubensky. |
| Southery, R. Colloquies on Society. 10c. | Cassell & Co. |
| Starratt, H. E. Letters to Elder Daughters. 75c. | Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. |
| Toland, M. B. M. Eudora, a Tale of Love. \$3 | J. B. Lippincott Co. |
| Vincent, J. H., and Holway, W. I. Lesson Commentary. \$1.25 | Phillips & Hunt. |